

Borough Bank President Maxwell Attempts Suicide More Exposures of Cruelty to Insane on Ward's Island Alienists Unite in Declaring Mrs. Bradley Insane

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INSANE PATIENTS BEATEN HOURLY BY THE KEEPERS

Second Instalment of Dr. McCarthy's Diary Reveals Shocking Conditions on Ward's Island, Where "Hangings" Are Frequent.

Herewith The Evening World publishes the remainder of the diary of Dr. John C. McCarthy, who served during the month of October as an attendant in Ward 40 in the Manhattan State Hospital for the Insane on Ward's Island. Yesterday's instalment of revelations of brutality aroused the whole city. To-day's tells of a continuation of "hangings" and other outrages.

It must be remembered in reading this diary that it has to do with only sixty patients out of nearly 5,000 on Ward's Island. It may be accepted in a way as a record of what is going on in all the other wards, for the attendants all use the same methods.

Dr. McCarthy is of the opinion that conditions on Ward's Island with regard to brutality are no different from conditions prevailing in other asylums in this State, whether they be conducted by the State, by counties or by individuals. In fact, the Ward's Island asylum is probably the best of its class.

Patients Beaten and Choked Merely to Amuse the Keepers

BY DR. JOHN C. MCCARTHY.

Sunday, Oct. 6—Quiet day. Monday, Oct. 7—The patients are shaved thrice a week. Two attendants, with a couple of trusty patients assisting, do the work for the sixty men of Ward 40 in a marvellously short time.

The trustees later, the attendants do the shaving with safety razors, and each patient adds as many "fixings" as his taste dictates, and as running water and a roller towel will supply.

There is more order, as much courtesy and less vulgarity in the improvised barber shop of Ward 40 than there is in many a swell parlor in New York. If the shop was improvised, the barbers, at least one of them, were also, for I was ordered this morning to help shave.

One can never imagine what a delightful occupation that of tenorial artist can be until he has stood guard before a "recess" filled with sixty dejected, unfortunate men.

"HANGED" FOR LAUGHING.

I obeyed the order with the greatest pleasure. As I went into the room attendant D. was in the act of "hanging" a young, thickset Irishman, Michael Fahney. The barber towel was about Fahney's neck. D's leg was pressed against the back of the barber chair, and he was beating down on the ends of the towel with his whole weight.

What offense Fahney had committed I could not find out. I never saw him do anything more serious than to burst into fits of immoderately foolish laughter. He was a good worker, a good polisher, and later rose so high in the esteem of the attendants that he was promoted to scrubbing the floors of the roof.

Little Johnny Flynn, a small, mischievous man, forty-five or fifty years old, came in for it hard at the dinner table. He was choked (not collar method) by attendant F. until he was unconscious, and then hit twice in the face. For some reason the process was repeated.

"WHAT'S THE USE? YOU CAN'T KILL HIM."

Flynn was one of the most interesting, most refined and best educated patients in the ward. He had so much grit under maltreatment that he should have commanded more respect. He received cuffs, and at the end of a bout with Johnny the comment of the disgruntled attendant was usually: "What the hell's the use of beating him, anyway? You can't kill him, and you only hurt your own knuckles."

Tuesday, Oct. 8—Attendant C. told Jack Reagan, a large, hulking fellow of 200 pounds or more, and whose mentality is almost nil, to "get on the polisher." Jack raised the polished two or three times from the floor and banged it down again. He evidently thought it was a new toy. He was chased into the recess and "hanged" by attendants C. and E., but the process was interrupted by attendant F., who feared some one in the hall.

Wednesday, Oct. 9—A new patient, Mr. Duffy, came into the ward this morning after breakfast. He was a tall, slender old man, to all appearances quiet, and with a look of reserve and resignation on his face. He was evidently a character, for he was known to the old attendants, B. and D., who welcomed him by trying to make Arlio, a friendly little Italian, kiss him. This Arlio was perfectly willing to do, but Mr. Duffy objected. The old gentleman tried in every way to avoid trouble, but B. and D. managed to make him kick at them.

STRANGLER FOR REFUSING TO BE KISSED.

The kick did not take effect—was not intended to. It was simply a sign of displeasure, but D. grappled with the old gentleman, and in some way Mr. Duffy tore the brass buttons (the insignia of office under the Empire State of New York) off D's coat.

Then these two young men "hanged" the old man until he was unconscious in the presence of forty or fifty patients, who had no other alternative than to sit quietly by and look on at the beastly outrage. While Duffy was prostrate and just regaining consciousness attendant D. stamped on him with his heel three times.

Thursday, Oct. 10—Quiet day, except for the "hanging" of an old gentleman.

(Continued on Second Page.)

MRS. BRADLEY ON STAND AGAIN AS DEFENSE RESTS

Prisoner Tells of Her Home Life Before the Scandal With Brown.

VICTIM'S SON TESTIFIES.

Recalls Visits of the Accused to His Father—Alienist Creates a Stir.

(Special to The Evening World.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25.—The defense in the Bradley case closed at 1 P. M. to-day, after Mrs. Bradley had been recalled to the stand and had given brief testimony concerning her home life before she became entangled with ex-Senator Brown, the man she killed.

The prosecution immediately reopened in rebuttal. District Attorney Baker calling Max Brown, son of the victim of the shooting, who testified to frequent visits to his father's home of Mrs. Bradley and the child Arthur. During the morning session of court Dr. Britton D. Evans, of the New Jersey Hospital for the Insane, the alienist who figured prominently in the Thaw trial, created a sensation by denouncing Brown and declaring that his ill-treatment of Mrs. Bradley had driven her insane. He was rebuked by the court for his statements.

Mrs. Bradley was recalled to the stand at the request of the prosecution and questioned concerning her former testimony. She said she had ceased to live with her husband about Dec. 1, 1900, when Bradley left her. Up to that time she had been a dutiful wife and she gave him no cause for desertion.

Her reappearance on the stand caused a general movement among the spectators, who sought favorable positions to see her. During the last several days she has occupied a seat back of her lawyers, so that her face has been hid from the view of the audience. She presented when questioned a thin, careworn face, eyelids drooping, as if nature were almost exhausted. Her replies were in such low tones that they were discernible only a few feet away. As she spoke her face brightened slightly and about her lips played a smile that seemed strangely out of place on so ghastly a face.

Max Brown in his testimony declared that after the disclosures of his father's relations with Mrs. Bradley the latter visited his home on Brigham street several times and took meals there. He said he afterward saw his father and Mrs. Bradley sitting on a bed at the house on the ranch. She stayed all night and left the next day.

Mrs. Bradley's Visits.

Mr. Brown said he met Mrs. Bradley in St. Louis in 1896. At that time she was with the Brown family, at one of the National Conventions. Mr. Brown said that in 1897 and 1898 Mrs. Bradley came to their home and that in the following two years her visits became more frequent. He said he remembered the time of the birth of Arthur, the eldest of the two children of whom Mrs. Bradley had, and that he saw her afterward. Mrs. Bradley frequently came to the house and brought the child. He said his father was at home on many of these occasions. He said Mrs. Bradley's visits continued until the fall of 1902.

"Old Lady on the Hill."

Judge William King, also of Salt Lake, said he, at the instance of Senator and Mrs. Brown, had made Mrs. Bradley's mother-in-law, Mrs. Brown, a visit in the summer of 1902. He said he saw her a month until the youngest child was twenty-one years of age. This Mrs. Bradley indicated was deceased, saying she wanted to marry Brown and was old of the old lady on the hill. Dr. Evans' testimony was dramatic. He spoke with a feeling of great sympathy for Mrs. Bradley, and referred contemptuously to Senator Brown for his ill-treatment of her, all of which he said proved on her mind and under the influence of her husband's treatment. Justice Stafford admonished him that Brown was dead and could not answer for himself, and that further that Mr. Brown was not on trial.

Dr. King testified that he was in Washington the day of the tragedy and stopped at the hotel where the shooting occurred. He saw Mrs. Bradley that day and first observed her in the ladies' waiting-room. That was "Somebody rushed by me," he said. "I looked up and saw this lady looking at me. She looked like a beautiful woman, but said nothing to me. She bumped into first one person and then another. She said, 'I'm sorry, I'm sorry.' She talked to herself, muttered and whimpered her hands. I looked at her and she began laughing and crying. It was an idiotic laugh. I looked at her and she began laughing and crying to cry and went away."

ORFANO SPOILS BIG KILLING AT BENNINGS TRACK

Gwyn Tompkins Almost Lands Another Tenackoe in the Fourth Race.

PLUNGE ON THE WINNER

Weather Improves and Track at Washington Is Getting Better Every Day.

BENNINGS RESULTS.

FIRST RACE—Kilfohan (9 to 1 and 5 to 2) 1, The Wrestler (3 to 5 for place) 2, Rappahannock 3.

SECOND RACE—The Shaughraun (even and 1 to 3) 1, Mazuma (1 to 2 for place) 2, Bobbin Around 3.

THIRD RACE—Navajo (11 to 5 and 3 to 5) 1, Kara (3 to 5 for place) 2, Flying Virginian 3.

FOURTH RACE—Orfano (4 to 5 and 1 to 3) 1, Helen Holland (8 to 5 for place) 2, Twigs 3.

FIFTH RACE—Grazzillo (5 to 1 and 2 to 1) 1, Weirsdome (3 to 5 for place) 2, Park Row 3.

SIXTH RACE—Red Friar (13 to 5 and 7 to 10) 1, Ironsides (1 to 2 for place) 2, Lally 3.

BENNINGS RACE TRACK, WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 25.—Gwyn Tompkins came nearly pattering over another Tenackoe when Twigs led all the way into the stretch in the fourth race. At the sixteenth pole he was caught by the heaviest backed favorite of the day, Orfano, and from there home the favorite won. Nutter brought Helen Holland up on the outside and got up in time to outgame Twigs. Charles Hewes bet on Orfano. Tom Alexander on the lawn took in \$1,000 in a couple of minutes on the Wilson gelding.

Good Thing Is Beaten. The Wrestler was handed out a good thing in the opening event, and there was a wild scramble to get aboard. Rappahannock was a well played second choice and the rest with the possible exception of Mason were neglected. The race resulted in a big win for the books, for Kilfohan, a 9 to 1 shot, proved the upset. The good thing, The Wrestler, was lucky to be second in front of Rappahannock. The books got a good start on the talent.

The weather was clear, and a strong wind helped dry out the track, which, however, was far from fast. McDaniels Lands Winner.

The Shaughraun was a real good thing in the maiden race for two-year-olds. He had a good start, and was in the lead all the way. He was a good thing, and was in the lead all the way. He was a good thing, and was in the lead all the way.

Kara Beaten at Finish. Navajo won the steeplechase only because Henderson outrode McAffee. Kara's rider, right at the finish, Kara had an apparently safe lead when he cleared the last jump, but Navajo, who had trailed the field most of the way, came strong on the flat. He caught Kara at the eighth pole, and from there it was a drive home. In the last ten yards Henderson shook up Navajo and won by a head. The good thing, Kara, was a good thing, and was in the lead all the way.

Grazzillo Put Over. Daly's lockers are getting the winning habit too. Yorkie, one of the old man's school, had the mount on Grazzillo during the early morning. Buckman went down early. Charlie Herney, the biggest bidder at the track, played Navajo. Frank Moore had a big commission on Kara.

Following the indictment and arrest of John G. Jenkins, Jr., Frank Jenkins and Fred Jenkins, of the Jenkins family of Brooklyn financiers, this afternoon, there was an approach to a riot in Court Square over the determination of the police to place pictures of Frank and Fred Jenkins in the Rogues' Gallery. As a result of the disturbance over Frank Jenkins, Capt. Kuhne, of the Brooklyn Central Office, and Detective McCauley may have to appear before Justice Burr, of the Supreme Court, on a charge of contempt.

In defiance of a writ of habeas corpus issued by Justice Burr, Detective McCauley dragged Frank Jenkins into the Rogues' Gallery at Headquarters and had his picture taken and his measurements registered for the criminal records. In this McCauley was aided by other policemen. They asserted that the writ was issued for the protection of Frank Jenkins, and therefore, did not apply to Frank, although the intent of the Court was plain.

The indictments against the Jenkinses were handed to Justice Fawcett in the County Court shortly after noon. In the meantime information that the indictments had been found had reached Stephen Baldwin, counsel for the Jenkins family, and he wrote to the District Attorney offering to produce John G. Jenkins, Jr. in court. Mr. Baldwin was anxious to produce his clients in court before the detectives could go on their way with search warrants, so he could save them from the Rogues' Gallery.

Dragged from His Bed. John G. Jenkins, Jr., was dragged from his bed a short time after the indictments were handed in. He was arraigned and gave \$10,000 bail. He got away before the detectives who had the warrant for his arrest could locate him.

Detectives Cogan and Duane went to the home of Fred Jenkins, in Monroe street, with a warrant and found him in bed. He said he was sick, but they hustled him to Headquarters, photographed him and had him measured. He was then taken to court and released on \$10,000 bail.

In the mean time Frank Jenkins and Mr. Baldwin had arranged to duplicate the performance that had been gone through in the case of John G. Jenkins, Jr. They entered the court-house by a rear door and popped into the courtroom before Detective McCauley, who was waiting with a warrant, could reach them.

Bail in the case of Frank Jenkins was fixed at \$10,000, and was furnished by his wife, Jennie. When the court formalities were concluded Jenkins, his wife and Mr. Baldwin left the courtroom.

At Fulton street and Boerum place McCauley stepped up to the trio and grabbed Jenkins by the arm. Mrs. Jenkins threw her arms around the detective's neck and tried to drag him away.

"Don't you touch my husband!" she shrieked. "I have just given bail for him."

Mr. Baldwin was almost wild with indignation before the detectives could go on their way with search warrants, so he could save them from the Rogues' Gallery.

INDICTED BOROUGH BANK PRESIDENT MAXWELL CUTS THROAT AND WRIST

Indicted Bank President Who Cut His Throat and Wrist



BANKER JENKINS AND WIFE FIGHT WITH DETECTIVES

Indicted Brooklyn Man Dragged to Police Headquarters on Claim That Writ Was Issued to Protect Brother, Who Surrendered.

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Desperate Attempt at Suicide Made in Bath Room of Home He Had Transferred to the Borough Bank.

IS RUSHED TO HOSPITAL FOR HOPELESS OPERATION.

Had Managed to Secure \$30,000 Bail Through Sacrifices of Family, After Being Locked in Cell of Raymond Street Jail, While Comrades Were Freed.

Howard Maxwell, former president of the Borough Bank of Brooklyn, cut his throat and slashed both wrists at his home, No. 182 Congress street, this afternoon. He was hurried to Long Island College Hospital, where a desperate operation was performed, but the surgeons have small hopes of saving his life. In his attempt at suicide Maxwell used two razors and a knife.

Maxwell was indicted last week and sent to Raymond Street Jail in default of \$30,000 bail. He was unable to get a bond until last night, when he was released.

The house in which he attempted to kill himself has been transferred to the directors of the Borough Bank. Maxwell had beggared himself in making restitution for the money he misappropriated.

The suicidal attempt was made in a bathroom of the house at about 1 o'clock. Mrs. Maxwell heard her husband fall and rushed to the room. She found him bled in blood and rapidly losing consciousness.

Rushed to Hospital.

Two physicians of the neighborhood were called. They saw at once that an operation was necessary and advised that an ambulance call be sent to the Long Island College Hospital. Maxwell's brother telephoned for the ambulance, which reached the house some twenty-five minutes after Maxwell gashed himself.

Ambulance Surgeon McCrea found the wounded man stretched out on the bath room floor, with the two doctors doing what they could to stop the flow of blood. Maxwell had cut himself in the throat, inflicting a gash about two inches long that severed the windpipe. The cut in the left wrist extended diagonally from the outer edge of the arm to the base of the thumb, severing tendons, muscles, veins and arteries.

There had been a tremendous loss of blood. Dr. McCrea, assisted by the two physicians, carried Maxwell to the ambulance. Policeman Morrissey, of the Butler Street Station, who had been called in, telephoned to the hospital, informing the house physician of the nature of the case and advising that an operating table be prepared.

All was in readiness when Maxwell arrived, and within three minutes the operation was under way.

It was necessary to perform tracheotomy to allow the patient to breathe. Up to the time he lost consciousness Maxwell tried hard to make some statement to those around him. With his windpipe severed he was unable to do more than utter a hoarse mumble.

Lost Too Much Blood.

Under ordinary circumstances, the operation would probably be assuredly successful. But in the case of Maxwell, almost all the blood in his body had been lost when the ambulance surgeon cut to him. Saline solutions were pumped into his veins in the hope of supplying in measure the deficiency of his blood.

The Maxwell home in Congress street was a scene of desolation and hysteria following the removal of the unfortunate head of the family. There were trails of blood on the stairs and in the hall. Mrs. Maxwell and Maxwell's brother were almost insane from grief.

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